



A Page of Comics,
Sketches and Stories



New York, Thursday,

August 20, 1914.

The Evening World.



Fun for the Home
and the Ride Home



"SMATTER POP!"

By C. M. Payne



THE MARRYING OF MARY—Isn't It Funny What a Difference a Measly Little \$1,000,000 Will Make?

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY and AXEL—It Was Very Careless of Flooey to Forget That Axel Was a Swede!

By Vic



Does the Painted or the Natural Girl Win a Desirable Man in the Matrimonial Race?

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Do men seek the society of the painted, overdressed girl, and shun the girl who is modest and natural?

Several men have already denied this charge with a great deal of emphasis in the columns of The Evening World. Yet it is just as emphatically put forward by "Miss A. G.," whose letter appears to-day. Do other young women agree with her? And what have the men to say?

Who is the girl most popular with the fellows, the girl who is taken most times to the beaches in summer, and to the fashionable restaurants, the music halls and the roof gardens? "Miss A. G." indignantly. Then she answers her own question. "It is the loud-mouthed, boisterous girl, the girl who uses powder and paint, the girl who wears the most up-to-date clothes. In order to receive proper treatment from the male sex, the girl of to-day is forced to use paint and powder."

UNDESIRABLE MEN ADMIRE ARTIFICIAL GIRLS.

Now undoubtedly there are men who admire in women simply an aggressive, artificial beauty, without mind or heart or modesty behind it. But what sort of men? Study them carefully in the restaurants and the roof gardens, and you'll see that they fall into two groups. There is the callow young thing, who feels that he would mar his reputation as a desirable sport if he were seen in the company of a modest looking girl. And Group Two consists of the sort of man whom your brother would kick out of the house.

Is it worth any girl's while to strive for popularity among such gentlemen? Are restaurant dinners and tango evenings worth while, when they are offered as the price for flattering a bore or a scoundrel? Why should any nice girl deign to her self-respect and dignity to live up—or live

down—to the ideals of undesirable men?

The man who takes out the rouged, over-dressed girl rarely marries her. When he is so rash he usually regrets it, as "Miss A. G." suggests, for she is apt to know more about cosmetics than about cooking. But if her apparently devoted admirers marry at all, they are prone to select as mates quiet, home-keeping bodies wholly unversed in the mysteries of the make-up box.

When a girl makes the best of whatever natural advantages she possesses, when her bright eyes and clear skin testify to her perfect health, when her dress is a neat, becoming, modest adaptation of the prevailing fashion, she has made every necessary concession to the world or to any man in it. And she will receive her reward in the admiration and respect of those around her. The tribute of respect is never paid to the artificial good looks of the girl who is "out for all she can



get," the beauty for revenue only. Among the letters I have received are the following:

Dear Madam: Where is the naturally pretty New York girl? Not on Fifth Avenue nor at matinee vaudeville shows, but at home. The reason she stays at home is because she does not use powder and paint, does not wear a two-foot belt, and therefore has no men friends, but is cast upon a barren island and left to die alone. In order to take a proper position with the male sex and receive proper treatment from the male sex, the girl of to-day is forced to use paint and powder because the men of to-day demand that the girls they go out with should be good looking.

Who is the girl most popular with the fellows, the girl who is taken most times to the beaches in summer, to the fashionable restaurants, to the music halls and roof gardens? It is the loud-

THE LOUD-MOUTH, BOISTEROUS
GIRL IS POPULAR
WRITES "MISS A. G."



ped by the way and not counted as living.

The girl who does not paint or powder is the girl who does know how to clean, cook, sew, wash, iron and a thousand and one other things a woman should know in order to have a happy home. She is the girl who will meet her husband at the door with a smile and whose table will be decked with every delicacy made by her own hand, and whose home will be bright with sunshine and laughter. She is the girl who is left by the wayside. Why? Because she does not use powder or paint.

Hickville Doings

From Our Hickville Correspondent
Hazen Conklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

BRAD TEWKSBURY went fishin' with Alonzo Curtis over to Perkins's Pond last night. They didn't catch no fish. Brad says as how the reason's because his liquid bait, and the fish thereabouts begun seein' two hooks stid of one, and every time they'd go to grab the bait they'd go for the 'other hook stid of the real one.

Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says as how sneers is comin' harder nowadays since he's sneerin' 'em to order, as it were, howsomever here is four which he sneered with pleasure.

The reason lots of towns ain't seeparts of success is because they ain't never had a tide of public sentiment to boost them.

A pretty sure way to get "fired" is to get "loaded" on the job.

Folks that make a picnic out of life musn't protest if they find ants in the sugar.

Folks that's allus lookin' for dust in other folks' houses shouldn't complain if they get some of it blowed into their eyes.

this thing over and we don't see how either of them ways would fix things up, for they don't make no allowance for Jennie Hillbush. Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says as how it won't do no harm to let it rest the way it is, seein' as how a man who gets married is apt to lead a dog's life anyway; and Gid can hold his own over Mrs. Gid's head for a club to be mighty nice to him lest he up and use it. Howsomever, mebbe Hip didn't make no mistake after all. Time will tell.

Abigail Peabody says as how she ain't had no luck with her city boarders this summer. She charged 'em \$9 per each this year stid of \$7, but them she got was at so heavy she ain't made over \$7.51 apiece on 'em. She was hopin' she'd get invalids, and stid of that she got them as was so healthy they every one allus asked for second helpings stid of just pickin' at their food. She says as how she ain't had a single mess of hash left over on their plates from a single meal.

Artie Bodie, who's allus playin' pranks on folks, yesterday, told Willie Oates, who's bin odd in his head ever since he fell off his pa's barn roof, that if he'd eat a spoonful of red pepper it would make him smart. Willie tried it. It did.

Euphemia Hicks, our talented young poetess, has bust into print in the Hickory Junction Chronicle, with another poem. This is it:

Oh, cute little, pink little Cupid, oh, hark!
For one of your arrows has sped to its mark!
My heart pity-pats when my lover comes leavin';
And by it I know this is some of your doin'.

And, oh, should he leave me, oh, I might sell it matter,
Stilled but for a moment be heart's pitter-patter.
The sea's full of fish and the world's full of men,
And I've lots of arrows to shoot me again!